

THE
Good Old Songs

WE USED TO SING.

Price 10 Cents.



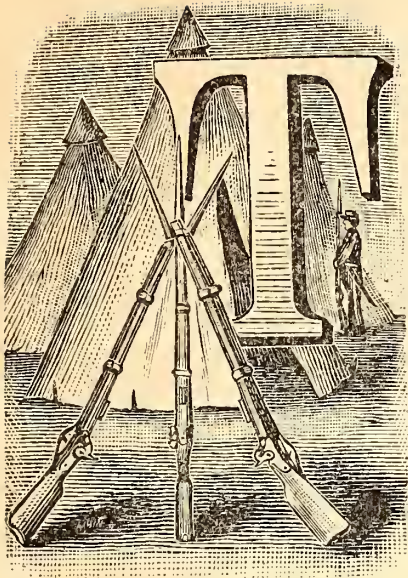
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GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

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THE GOOD OLD

SONGS

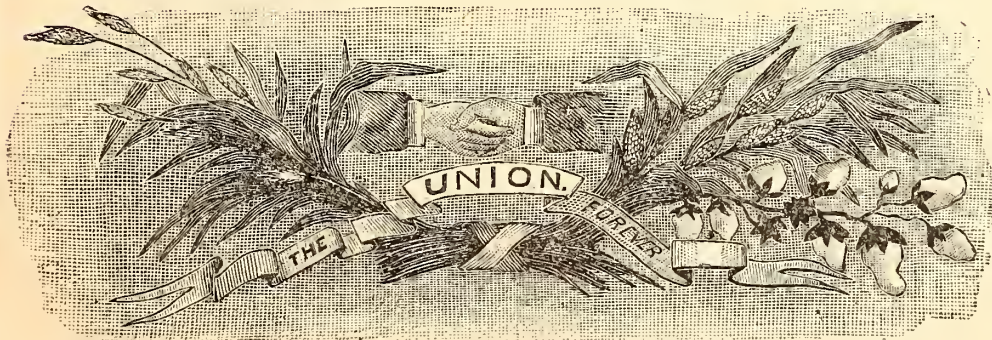
WE USED TO SING.

'61 TO '65.

DEDICATED TO THE VETERANS OF THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION.

TEN CENTS.

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SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Henry C. Work.

MAJ. GEN'L W. T. SHERMAN.

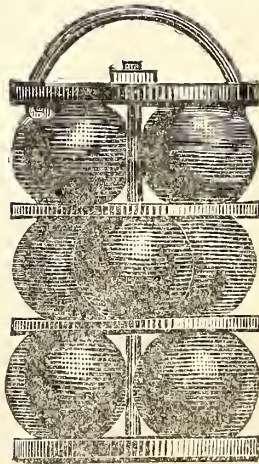
Our camp fires shone bright
 on the mountain
 That frowned on the river
 below
 While we stood by our guns
 in the morning,
 And eagerly watched for
 the foe.
 When a rider came out from
 the darkness
 That hung over mountain
 and tree,
 And shouted, "Boys, up and
 be ready,
 For Sherman will march
 to the sea."

When cheer upon cheer for
 bold Sherman
 Went up from each valley
 and glen,
 And the bugle re-echoed the
 music
 That came from the lips of
 the men;
 For we knew that the stars
 on our banner
 More bright in their splen-
 dor would be,
 And that blessings from
 Northland would greet
 us
 As Sherman marched down
 to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward, to battle,
 We marched on our wearysome way,
 And we strewed the wild hills of Resaca—
 God bless those who fell on that day.
 The Kenesaw, dark in its glory
 Frowned down on the flag of the free;
 But the East and the West bore our stand-
 ard
 As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Still onward we pressed till our banner
 Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
 And the blood of the patriot dampened
 The soil where traitor's flag falls.
 But we paused not to weep for the fallen
 Who slept by each river and tree;
 Yet we twined them wreaths of the laurel
 As Sherman marched down to the
 sea.

Proud, proud was our army that morning,
 That stood by the cypress and pine,
 When Sherman said: "Boys, you are
 weary;
 This day fair Savannah is thine."
 Then sang we a song of our chieftain,
 That echoed o'er river and lea,
 And the stars on our banner shone
 brighter
 When Sherman marched on to the sea.



GRAPE.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Henry C. Work,

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing
 another song,
 Sing it with a spirit that will start the world
 along—
 Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand
 strong,
 While we were marching through Georgia.

*2d Corps*

CHORUS.

“Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
 Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes us free!”
 So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the
 sea,
 While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
 How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
 How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
 While we were marching through Georgia!—CHORUS.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
 When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
 Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
 While we were marching through Georgia!—CHORUS.

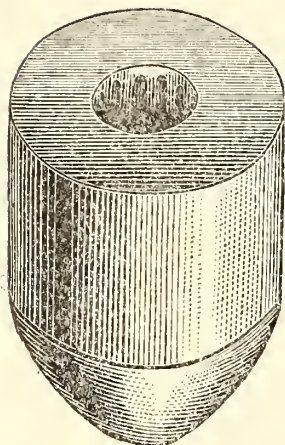
“Sherman’s dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!”
 So the saucy rebel said, and ’twas a handsome boast;
 Had they not forgotten, alas! to reckon with the host,
 While we were marching through Georgia!—CHORUS.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
 Sixty miles in latitude,—three hundred to the main,
 Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
 While we were marching through Georgia!—CHORUS.

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I'M GOING TO FIGHT MIT SIGEL.



I've come shust now to tells you how
 I goes mit regimentals
 To schlauch dem voes of liberty,
 Like dem old Continentals,
 Vot fight mit England long ago.
 To save the Yankee Eagle,
 Un now I gets mine sojer clothes,
 I'm going to fight mit Sigel.

CHORUS.

Yaw! daus is drue, I shpeake mit you,
 I'm going.

Ven I comes from de Deutche countree,
 I works sometimes at baking.
 Den I keeps a lager beer saloon,
 Un den I goes shoemaking;
 But now I vas a sojer been,
 To save the Yankee Eagle,
 To schlauch dem tam secession volks,
 I'm going to fight mit Sigel.—CHORUS.

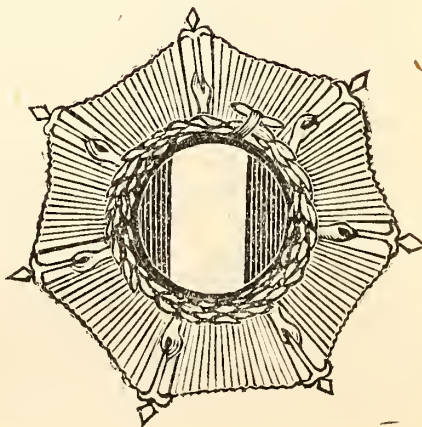
I gets ein tam big rifle guns,
 Un puts him to mine shoulder,
 Den march so bold, like a big jack horse,
 Un may been someding bolder;
 I goes off mit de volunteers,
 To save the Yankee Eagle,
 To give dem rebel fellers fits,
 I'm going to fight mit Sigel.—CHORUS.



BRIG.-GEN. PETER J. OSTERHAUS.

Dem Deutchen mans mit Sigel's band
 At fighting have no rival,
 Un ven Cheff Davis' mens we meet
 Ve schlauch 'em like de duyvil;
 Dere's only von ting vot I fear,
 Ven pattling for de Eagle,
 I vont get not no lager bier,
 Ven I goes to fight mit Sigel.—CHORUS.

For ra'ions dey gives salty pork,
 I dinks dat was a great sell,
 I better likes de sour kroud,
 De switzer kase un pretzel.
 If "Liddle Mac" vill give us dem,
 Ve'll save the Yankee Eagle:
 Un I'll put mine vrou in breechaloons,
 To go und fight mit Sigel.—CHORUS.



HAIL COLUMBIA.

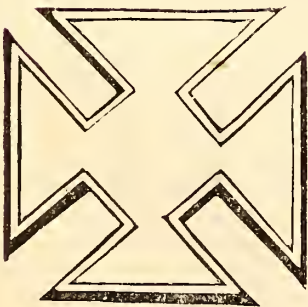
Hail Columbia! happy land!
 Hail ye heroes! heaven born band!
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's
 cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's
 cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone
 Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
 Let Independence be our boast
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm united let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.



MAJ - GEN'L JOHN A. M'CLERNAND.

Immoral patriots, rise once more,
 Defend your rights, defend your shore,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.
 Firm united let us be, etc.

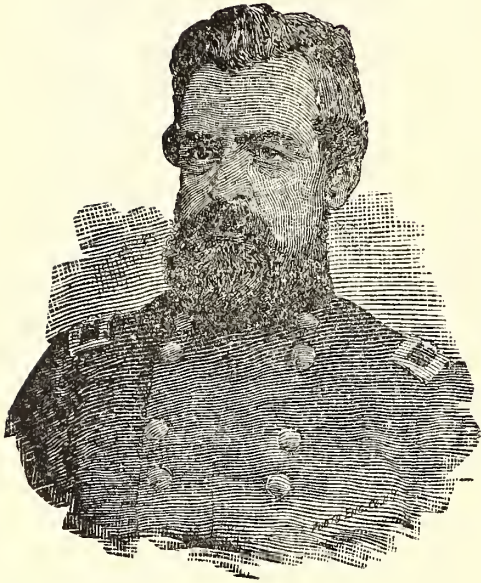
Sound, sound the trump of fame!
 Sound Washington's great name,
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause;
 Let every clime to freedom dear,
 Listen with joyful ear;
 With equal skill and godlike power,
 He governed in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war! or guides with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm united let us be, etc.



19th Corps.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Key of B.

Root.

BRIG.-GEN'L M. M. CROCKER.

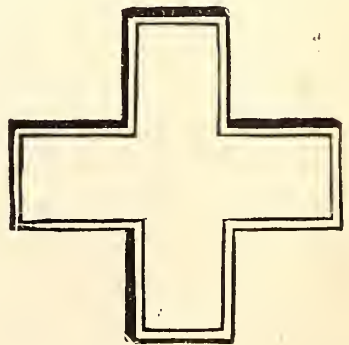
Just before the battle, mother,
 I am thinking most of you,
 While upon the field we're watching,
 With the enemy in view;
 Comrades brave are round be lying,
 Filled with tho'ts of home and God,
 For well they know that on the morrow,
 Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, you may never,
 Press me to your heart again;
 But oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
 If I'm numbered with the slain.

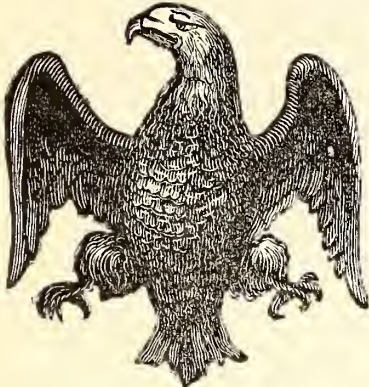
Oh, I long to see you, mother,
 And the loving ones at home;
 But I'll never leave our banner,
 Till in honor I can come.
 Tell the traitors all around you,
 That their cruel words we know,
 In every battle kill our soldiers
 By the help they give the foe.—CHO.

Hark! I hear the bugle sounding,
 'Tis the signal for the fight!
 Now may God protect me, mother,
 As he ever does the right.
 Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"
 How it swells upon the air!
 Oh yes, we'll rally round the standard,
 Or we'll perish nobly there.—CHO.

*Sixth Corps.*

WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

By Maj Charles G. Halpine, (Private Mike O'Reiley,) 47th N. Y. Vol Inf.



There are bonds of all sorts in this world of
ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween.
The boys and the girls are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this:
We have drunk from the same canteen!

Department West Virginia

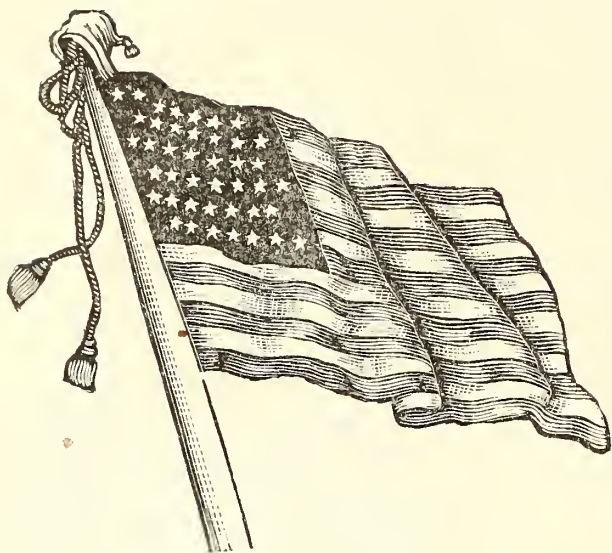
The same canteen, my soldier friend,
The same canteen;
There's never a bond like this:
We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
Sometimes apple jack as fine as silk;
But whatever the tippie has been,
We shared it together in bane or in bliss,
And I warn you, friend, when I think of this:
We have drunk from the same canteen;

We've shared our blankets and tents together,
And marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we've been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best:
We've drunk from the same canteen.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope,
On which my faint spirit might lean;
O! then I remember, you crawled to my side,
And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We have drunk from the same canteen!

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.



Oh! say can you see by the
dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at
the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright
stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched,
were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the
bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
that our flag was still there;
Oh! say does that star spangled
banner yet wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses!
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star spangled banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave.

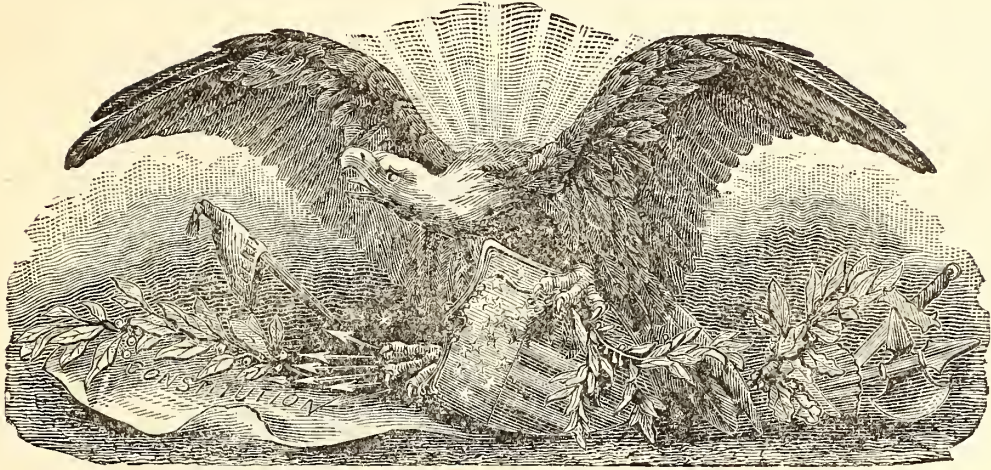
Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued
land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust"—
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!



14th Corps.

THE GRAND ARMY BUTTON.



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(Air—Battle Hymn of the Republic.)

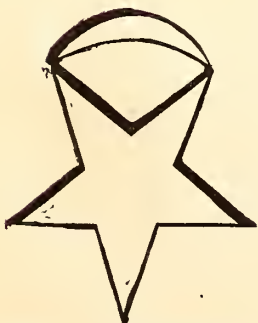
I have seen a little button of a copper-colored hue,
It is worn upon the lapel of the boys who wore the blue,
It is made of cannon captured by the loyal, brave and true,
As they were marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, halleluah,
Glory, Glory, halleluah,
Glory, Glory, halleluah,
As they were marching on.

In the days of dark secession, sixty-one to sixty-five,
To maintain this precious Union they 'gainst Southern hosts did strive,
Not a star from off our banner could the haughty rebels rive,
For the Blue was marching on.—CHORUS.

Was the service in the army or upon the rolling sea,
It was in the self-same struggle that has made the Nation free,
And we recognize this button wherever it may be,
As won while marching on.—CHORUS.

Grasp his hand who wears the button in a warm fraternal grasp,
While memory for a moment backwards runs into the past,
And we think of many comrades Mother Earth shields from
the blast,
While we are marching on.



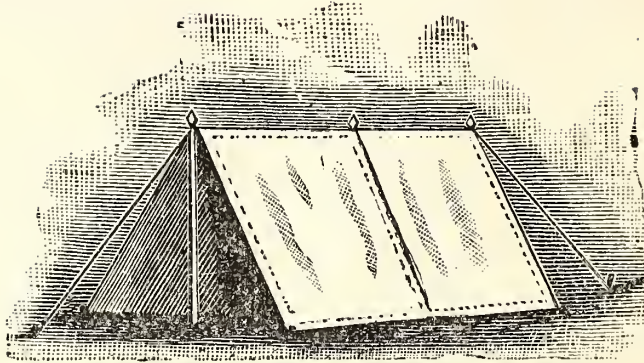
11th and 12th Corps.

CHORUS for 4th verse.—

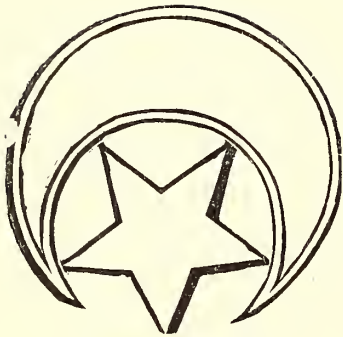
Softly, softly, breathe a sigh now,
Softly, softly, breathe a sigh now,
Softly, softly, breathe a sigh now,
For him whose march is done.

OLD SHADY.

KEY OF B.



SHELTER TENT.

*Seventh Corps.*

Oh, yah! yah! darkies laugh wid me,
 For the white folks say Ole Shady's free,
 So don't you see that the Jubilee
 Is coming, coming, hail mighty day!

CHORUS.

Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer!
 Hooray! hooray! I'm going home.

Oh? massa got scared, and so did his lady,
 Dis chile breaks for Uncle Aby,
 Open the gates, out here's Old Shady
 A coming, coming, hail, mighty day.—CHORUS.

Good-bye, Massa Jeff, good-bye Miss'r Stephens,
 'Scuse dis nigger for takin' his leavings;
 'Spect pretty soon you'll hear Uncle Abram's
 Coming, coming, hail, mighty day.—CHORUS.

Good-bye, hard work, wid neber any pay,
 I's gwine up North where the good folks say
 Dat white wheat bread an' a doilar a day,
 Are a coming, coming, hail, mighty day.—CHORUS.

Oh! I've got a wife; and I've got a baby,
 Living up younder in upper Canady;
 Won't dey laugh when dey see Old Shady,
 Coming, coming, hail, mighty day.—CHORUS.

COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

OR RED, WHITE AND BLUE—KEY OF G.



MAJ.-GEN. JAMES B. M'PHERSON.

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 The world offers homage to thee.
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view;
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue.
 When borne by the red, white and blue,
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white and blue.

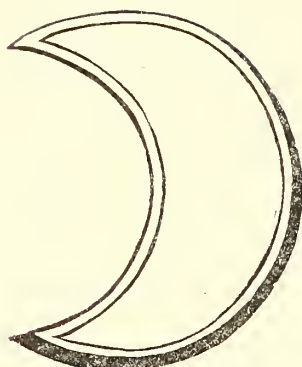
When war waged its wide desolation,
 And threatened the land to deform,
 The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
 Columbia rode safe through the storm;
 With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
 When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the red white and blue.—CHORUS.

That banner, that banner, bring hither;
 Tho' rebels and traitors look grim;
 May the wreathes it has won never wither,
 Nor the stars of its glory grow dim!
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 But they to their colors prove true!
 The Army and Navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.—
 CHORUS.

*Seventeenth Corps.*

THE ARMY BEAN.

Air—"Sweet By and By."

*Eleventh Corps.*

There's a spot that the soldiers all love.
 The mess tent is the place that we mean;
 And the dish that we like to see there
 Is the old-fashioned, white Army bean.

CHORUS.

'Tis the bean that we mean,
 And we'll eat as we ne'er ate before,
 We will stick to our beans ever more.
 The Army bean, nice and clean.

Now the bean in its primitive state,
 Is a plant we have all often met;
 And when cooked in the old army style,
 It has charms we can never forget.

CHORUS.

The German is fond of saur kraut,
 The potato is loved by the Mick;
 But the soldiers have long since found
 out,
 That thro' life to our beans we should
 stick.—CHORUS.

REFRAIN.

Air—"Tell Aunt Rhoda."

Beans for breakfast,
 Beans for dinner,
 Beans for supper,
 Beans! Beans! Beans ! ! !

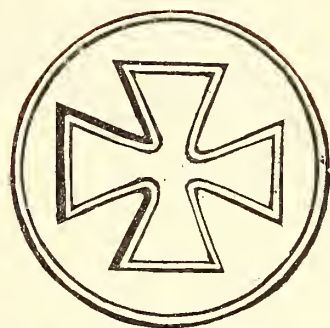


BRIG.-GEN. JOHN M'ARTHUR.

BRAVE BOYS.

Work.

Heavily falls the rain,
 Wild are the breezes to-night;
 But 'neath the roof the hours as they fly,
 Are happy, and calm, and bright
 Gathering round our firesides,
 Tho' it be summer time,
 We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
 Forgetting the midnight chime.

*First and Fifth Corps.*

CHORUS.

Brave boys are they!
 Gone at their Country's call;
 And yet, and yet we cannot forget,
 That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,
 Nestled so cozy and warm,
 While soldiers sleep with little or naught
 To shelter them from the storm.
 Resting on grassy couches,
 Pillow'd on hillocks damp;
 Of martial fare, how little we know,
 Till brothers are in camp —CHORUS.

Thinking no less of them,
 Loving our country the more,
 We sent them forth to fight for the flag
 Their fathers before them bore.
 Though the great tear drops started,
 This was our parting trust:
 "God bless you, boys! we'll welcome you home,
 When rebels are in the dust."—CHORUS.

May the bright wings of love,
 Guard them wherever they roam;
 The time has come when brothers
 must fight,
 And sisters must pray at home.
 Oh! the dread field of battle!
 Soon to be strewn with graves!
 If brothers fall, then bury them
 where
 Our banner in triumph waves
 —CHORUS.

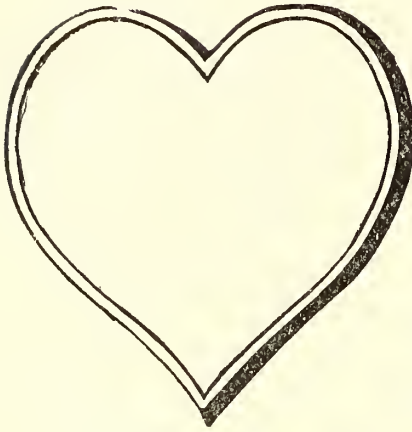


MAJ.-GEN. E. O. C. ORD.

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LAY ME DOWN WITH MY BEAUTIFUL BADGE.

AS SUNG BY CAPT. A. C. CANTWELL.



When the long roll has sounded my last long
alarm,
When my spirit and body shall part,
When my name has been called and at rest is
returned
With my hands folded over my heart,
When no more shall the reveille wake with the
morn
And call me to labor from rest,
Then bury me like a soldier should be,
With my beautiful badge on my breast.

Twenty-fourth Corps.

Let me sleep my last sleep with my beautiful star,
With its banner and eagle and all,
Close to my heart, which has ever been true
To the flag at my loved country's call
In life 'twas the emblem of loyalty, truth,
And charity sweetest and best,
Then bury me where my last summons shall come,
With my beautiful badge on my breast.

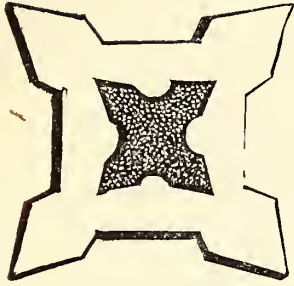
'Tis a badge that no traitor's breast ever can wear,
'Tis an emblem of loyalty true.
'Tis a broad shield of brotherhood spotless and fair,
The beautiful red white and blue;
'Tis an emblem that monarchs can never bestow,
Of all emblems the bravest and best,
And so I desire to take my last sleep
With my beautiful badge on my breast.

And in the grand muster on that brighter
shore,
When we pass our great final review,
It will shine on to show that my heart ever
beat
To my country and flag ever true;
'Twill be a prized emblem to show in that
land,
The beautiful land of the blest;
Then bury me where my last tattoo shall
sound.
With my beautiful badge on my breast.



BRIG.-GEN. EUGENE A. CARR.

JOHN BROWN SONG.

*Tenth Corps.*

John Brown's body lies moulding in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies moulding in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies moulding in the grave,
 His soul's marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally,
 Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 His soul's marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
 His soul's marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally,
 Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 His soul's marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 His soul's marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally,
 Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 His soul's marching on!

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,—
 His pet lambs will meet him on the way,—
 His pet lambs will meet him on the way,—
 They go marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally,
 Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah,
 They go marching on!

They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree!
 They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree!
 They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree!
 As they march along!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally,
 Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 As they march along!

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
 Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
 Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
 As we are marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally,
 Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!



MAJ.-GEN. FREDERICK STEELE.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Key of A.

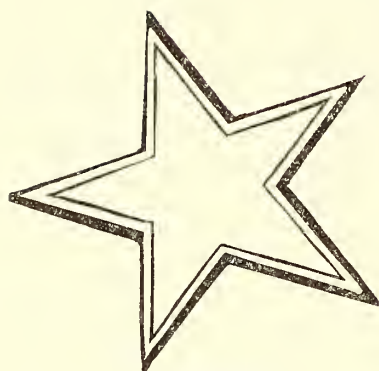
Walter Kittredge.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp
ground,

Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts; a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night;
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.



20th Corps.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of loved ones at home who gave us the hand,
And the tear that said good-bye.—CHORUS.

We're tired of the war on the old camp ground;
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who have left their homes;
Others been wounded long.—CHORUS.

We've been fighting to-day on
the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are
dying,
Many are in tears.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are
weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for
the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp ground.



BRIG.-GEN. ALBERT L. LEE.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?



BRIG.-GEN'L JOS. A. MOWER.

Why am I so weak and weary?
 See how faint my heated breath;
 All around to me seems dorkness;
 Tell me, comrades, is this death?
 Ah! how well I know your answer,
 To my fate I meekly bow,
 If you'll only tell me truly
 Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.

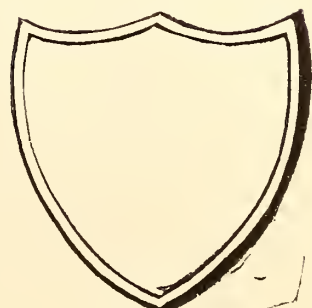
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
 With bright laurels on my brow;
 I have for my country fallen,
 Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
 Who will dry the falling tear,
 Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
 Who will whisper words of cheer?
 Even now I think I see her
 Kneeling, praying for me! how
 Can I leave her in her anguish?
 Who will care for mother now?

CHO.—Soon with angels, &c.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
 And my mantle be the sky;
 Hasten, comrades, to the battle!
 I will like a soldier die.
 Soon with angels I'll be marching,
 With bright laurels on my brow;
 I have for my country fallen,
 Who will care for mother now?

CHO.—Soon with angels, &c.



23d Corps.

WHEN THE CRUEL WAR IS OVER.



MAJ.-GEN'L FRANK P. BLAIR.

Dearest love, do you remember?
 When we last did meet,
 How you told me that you loved me,
 Kneeling at your feet?
 Oh! how proud you stood before me
 In your suit of blue,
 When you vowed to me and country,
 Ever to be true.

CHORUS.

Weeping sad and lonely,
 Hopes and tears how vain;
 When this cruel war is over,
 Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing,
 Mournfully along!
 Or when autumn leaves are falling,
 Sadly breathes the song.
 Oft in dreams I see thee lying
 On the battle plain,
 Lonely, wounded, even dying;
 Calling, but in vain.—CHORUS.

If amid the din of battle,
 Nobly you should fall,
 Far away from those who love you,
 None to hear you call.
 Who would whisper words of comfort,
 Who would soothe your pain?
 Ah! the many cruel fancies
 Even in my brain.—CHORUS.

But our country called you, darling,
 Angels cheer your way,
 While our nation's sons are fighting
 We can only pray.
 Nobly strike for God and liberty,
 Let all nations see,
 How we love our starry banner,
 Ever of the free.—CHORUS.

*Signal Corps.*

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

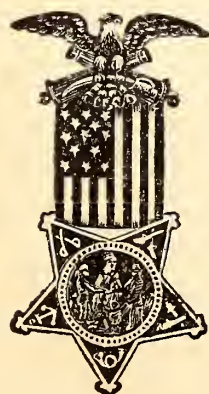


LINCOLN.

We are coming, Father Abraham—three
hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and
from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our
wives and children dear,
With hearts to full for utterance, with but
a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but stead-
fastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three
hundred thousand more!

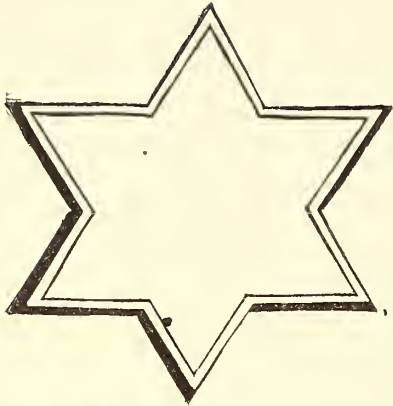
If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your visions may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloud veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer-boys fast forming into line,
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs,
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door,
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!



You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's
bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers'
bones beside.
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the
murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes, its fragments to
parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone
before,
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred
thousand more!

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

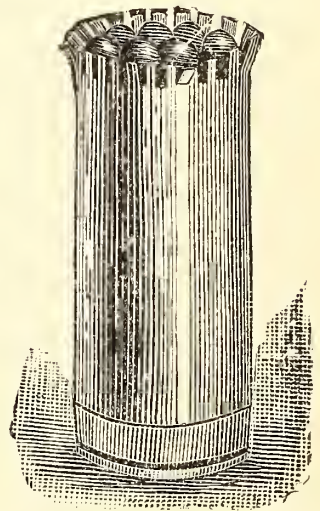
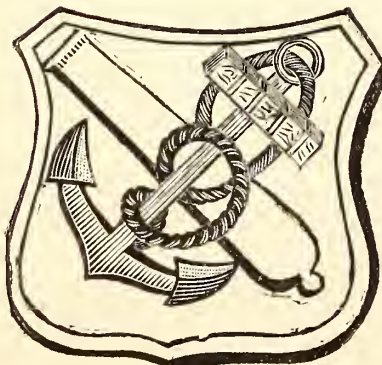
*Eighth Corps.*

The boys are coming home again,
 This war will soon be o'er;
 The North and South again will stand
 United as of yore;
 Yes, hand in hand, and arm in arm
 Together we will roam;
 Oh! won't we have a happy time
 When all the boys come home.

CHORUS.

We'll hoist the good old flag again
 On Freedom's lofty dome,
 And live in peace and happiness
 When all the boys come home.

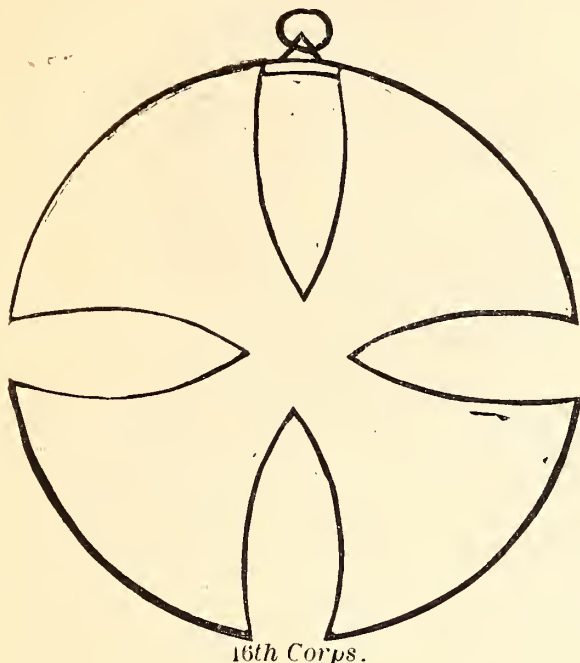
We'll have no more false hopes and fears,
 No more heart-rending sighs—
 The messenger of peace will dry
 The weary mourner's eyes;
 We'll laugh and sing, we'll dance and play,
 Ah! wait until they come,
 And joy will crown the happy day,
 When all the boys come home!—CHO,

*Canister.**Ninth Corps.*

How proud our Nation then will stand!
 United ever more,
 We'll bid defiance to the foe
 That dare approach our shore;
 We'll hoist the good old Flag again,
 On Freedom's lofty dome,
 And live in peace and happiness,
 When all the boys come home!—CHO.

OUR GOD IS MARCHING ON.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.



As sung by Chaplain C. C. McCabe, while a prisoner in Libby, after hearing Old Ben (the colored paper seller in Richmond) cry out: *Great news by the telegraph! Great battles at Gettysburg! Union soldiers gain the day!* Upon hearing such glorious news, Chaplain McCabe sung this soul-stirring hymn, all the prisoners joining heartily in the chorus, making the old prison walls ring—"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah."

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible quick sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

In the beauties of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, *Let us die to make men free,*
While God is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

THE MODERN CAMPFIRE.

USED BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, I. E. THORP.

(Air—Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.)

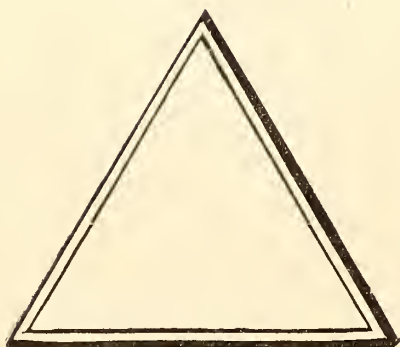
We have met here to-night for a campfire chat,
Some boys who have worn the blue,
It is not like the ones that we were at,
In the time of long ago.

CHORUS.—

Many are the times we have lain in the camp,
With our feet toward the burning rail,
The time of the war when we did tramp
Is the theme of many a tale.
Tell it to-night, tell it to-night,
Tell us of the old camp-fire

We have met here to-night to talk of the past,
Of the times that tried men's souls,
How our country's flag was made at last,
To float o'er a country whole.—CHORUS.

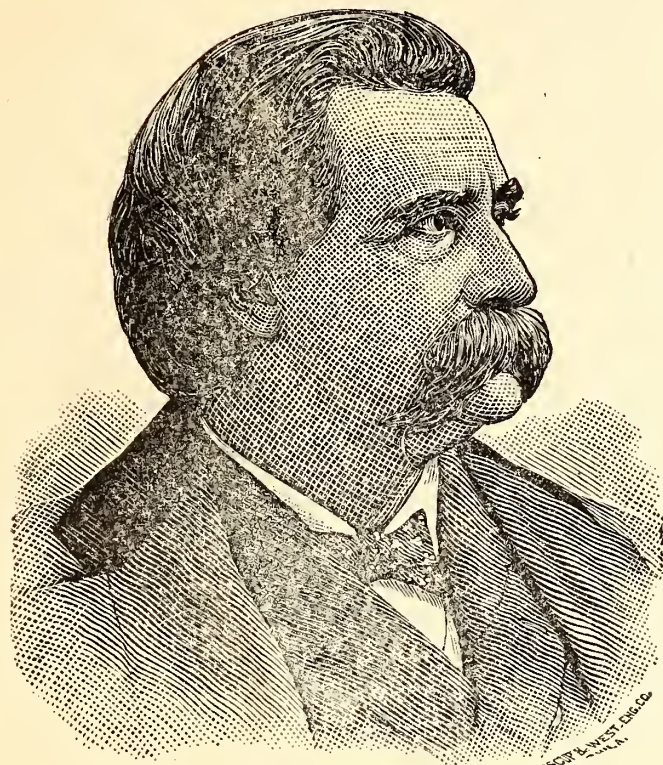
Our forefathers brave bequeathed us the flag;
They fought for liberty,
And in its defense the boys did not lag,
But gained the victory.—CHORUS.



4th Corps.

There were many of the boys who went to the
war,
And many, Alas! there died,
While many came home diseased and scarred,
Who once were their country's pride —CHORUS.
We have met here to-night for a campfire chat,
Our friendships to renew,
To talk of the boys who with us sat.
At the fires of long ago.—CHORUS.

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.



MAJ -GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

Root.

Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag,
 boys, we'll rally once again,
 Shouting the battle cry of free-
 dom;
 We'll rally from the hill-side
 we'll gather from the plain,
 Shouting the battle cry of free-
 dom.

CHORUS.

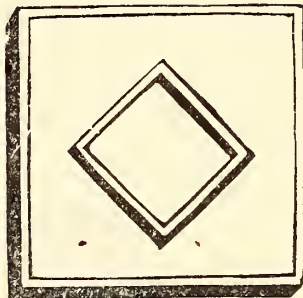
The Union forever, hurrah! boys,
 hurrah!
 Down with the traitor, up with
 the star,
 While we rally 'round the flag,
 boys, rally once again,
 Shouting the battle cry of free-
 dom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone be-
 fore,

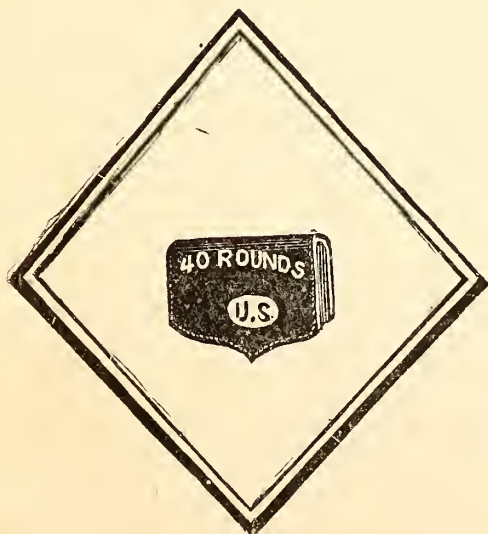
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;

And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen
 more,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.--CHORUS.



25th Corps.



15th Corps.

We will welcome to our ranks the loyal, true
 and brave,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

And altho' they may be poor, no man shall
 be a slave,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.--

CHORUS.

So we're springing to the call from the East
 and from the West,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom;

And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land
 we love the best,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.--

CHORUS.

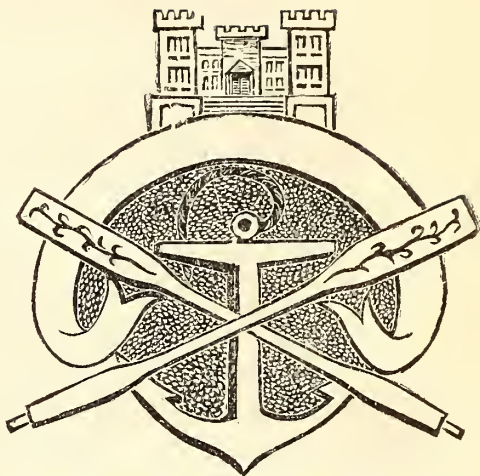
OLD GLORY.

Air "Bonnie Blue Flag."

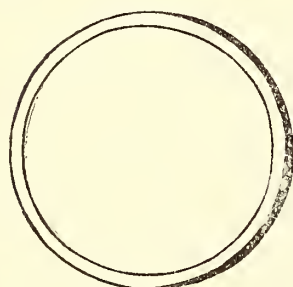
We are a band of patriots,
 Who each leave home and friend.
 Our noble Constitution
 And banner to defend;
 Our Capital was threatened,
 And the cry rose near and far,
 To protect our country's glorious flag,
 That glitters with many a star.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the Union, boys, hurrah!
 Hurrah for our father's good old flag, that glitters with many a star.



Engineer and Pontooner Corps.



First Corps.

Much patience and forbearance
 The North has always shown,
 Toward her Southern brethren,
 Who had each way their own;
 But when we made our President,
 A man whom we de ired,
 Their wrath was roused, they mounted guns,
 And on Fort Sumter fired.—CHORUS.

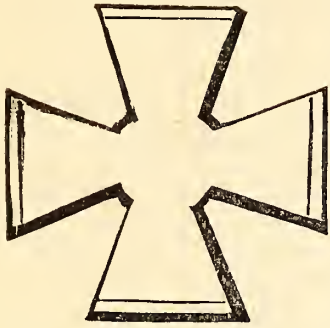


MAJ. GEN. M. F. FORCE.

They forced the war upon us,
 For peaceful men are we;
 They steal our money, seize our forts,
 And then as cowards flee;
 False to their vows and to the flag
 That once protected them,
 They sought the Union to dissolve—
 Earth's noblest, brightest gem.
 CHORUS.

We're in the right and will prevail,
 The Stars and Stripes must fly;
 The "bonnie blue flag" be hauled down
 And every traitor die;
 Freedom and peace enjoyed by all
 As ne'er was known before,
 Our Spangled Banner wave on high,
 With stars just thirty-four,—CHO.

AMERICA.

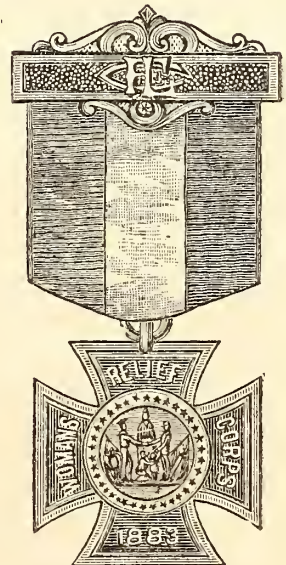
*Fifth Corps.*

My country 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of Liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 • Let freedom ring.

My Native country, thee,
 Land of the noble, free—
 Thy name I love:
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above. . .

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee I sing.
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might;
 Great God our King.

*Third to the Sixth.**W. R. C. Badge.*

KINGDOM COMIN.

Key of C.

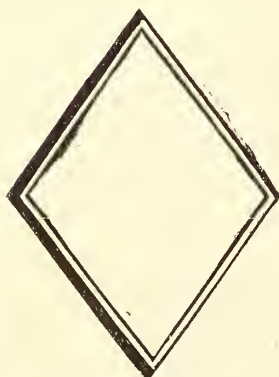
Work.

BRIG. GEN'L ALVIN P. HOVEY.

Say Darkies, hab you seen old massa,
 Wid de muffstash on his face,
 Go long de road some time dis mornin'
 Like he gwine to leave de place?
 He seen a smoke way up de ribber
 Whar de Linum gunboats lay;
 He took his hat an' left berry sudden,
 An' I'spect he's run'ed away!

CHORUS.

De massa run, ha, ha!
 De darkey stay! ho, ho!
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin'
 An' de year ob Jubilo!

*Third Corps.*

He is six foot one way, four foot tudder,
 An' he weigh tree hundred pounds;
 His coat so big he could'nt pay de tailor,
 An' it wouldn't go half way round.
 He drill so much dey call him Cap'n,
 An' he get so drefful tanned,
 I'spects he'll try an' fool dem Yankees,
 For to tink he's contraband.—CHORUS..

De darkies feel so lonesome libbing
 In de log house on de lawn,
 Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
 For to keep it while he's gone.
 Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
 An' de darkies dey'll have some;
 I s'pose dey'll all be confiscated,
 When de Linkum sojiers come.—CHORUS.

De oberseer he make us trubble,
 An' he dribe us round a spell;
 We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
 Wid de key trown in de well.
 De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken,
 But de massa'll hab his pay;
 He's old enough, big enough, ought to know better
 Dan to went and run away.—CHORUS.

THE ARMY AND NAVY FOREVER.



ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.

Let sailors and soldies unite in this
cause,
Bound together by honor and loyal-
ty's band;
Both fight for Columbia, and cherish
her laws,
Each gives to our Union his heart
and his hand,
In this phalanx unite,
Like lions we'll fight,
While no private feuds our interests
dissever,
But this be our boast,
And our ultimate toast—
Here's the army and navy of Columbia
for ever.

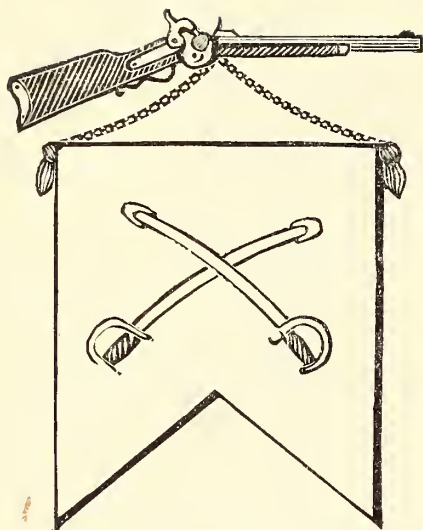
The sailor who plows on the watery
main,
To war and to danger and shipwreck
a brother.

And the soldier who firmly
stands out a campaign,
Do they fight for two men who
make war on each other?
Oh, no, 'tis well known,
For that Union—our own,
Fires their bosoms with ardor
and noble endeavor;
And each with his lass,
As he drinks a full glass,
Toasts the army and navy
of Columbia forever.

That their cause is but one,
and they both can unite,
Needs no other example but
this to be seen,
Who is bolder 'in danger, ex-
perter in fight,
Than that maritime soldier,
the honest marine?
He pulls and he hauls,
He fights till he falls,
And from fore-tack or musket
he never will waver;
But when the fray's o'er,
With his lass on the shore,
Drinks—the army and navy of
Columbia forever.



MARY'S LAMB.

*Wilson's Cavalry Corps.*

Mary had a little lamb,
 It's fleece was white as snow,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
 And every place that Mary went,
 The lamb was sure to go,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for Mary, Hurrah for the
 lamb,
 Hurrah for the soldier that did'nt give
 a d—n,
 And we'll rally 'round the flag, boys,
 rally once again,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom

It swam across the Tennessee,
 Our picket saw it, too,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
 And quickly it was simmered down
 Into a mutton stew,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom

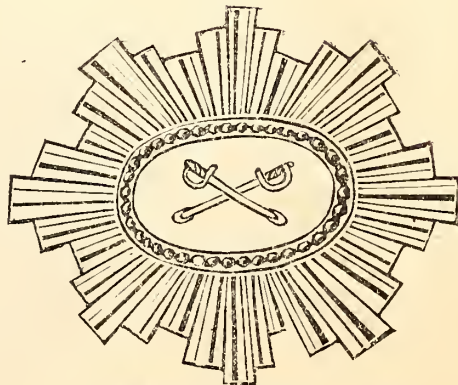
CHORUS.

Hurrah for Mary, Hurrah for the
 lamb, etc.

And never more did Mary see,
 Her darling little lamb,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
 For the boys in blue they chewed
 him up,
 And did'nt give a d—n,

CHORUS.

Hurrah for Mary, Hurrah for the
 lamb,
 Hurrah for the soldier that did'nt
 give a d—n,
 And we'll rally 'round the flag, boys,
 rally once again,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

*Sheridan's Cavalry Corps.*

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

Root.

BRIG. GEN'L NATHAN KIMBALL.

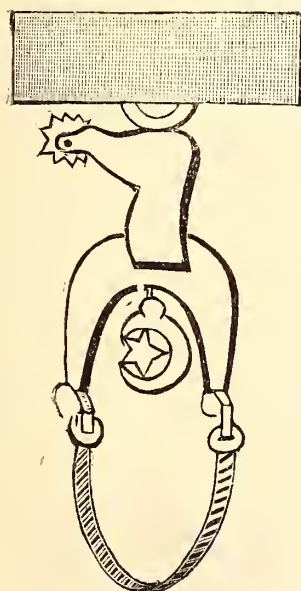
In the prison cell I sit, thinking
 mother, dear, of you,
 And our bright and happy home so
 far away;
 And the tears they fill my eyes, spite
 of all that I can do,
 Tho' I try to cheer my comrade and
 be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
 Cheer up comrades, they will come,
 And beneath the starry flag
 We shall breathe the air again,
 Of the Free-land in our own beloved home.

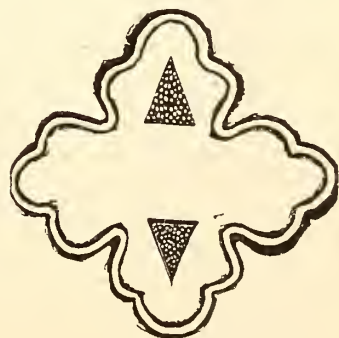
In the battle front we stood when the fiercest
 charge was made,
 And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
 But before we reached their lines, they were
 beaten back dismayed,
 And we hear the cry of victory o'er and o'er.—

CHORUS.

*Frontier Cavalry.*

So within the prison cell, we are waiting for
 the day

That shall come to open wide the iron door;
 And the hollow eye grows bright, and the
 poor heart almost gay,
 As we think of seeing friends and home
 once more.—CHORUS.

*18th Corps.*

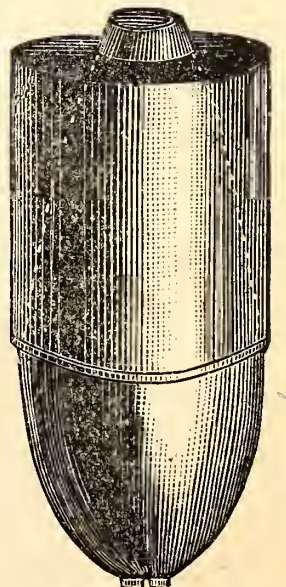
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnny comes marching home again,
 Hurrah, Hurrah!
 We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
 Hurrah, Hurrah!
 The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
 The ladies they will all turn out,
 And we'll all feel gay,
 When Johnny comes marching home.

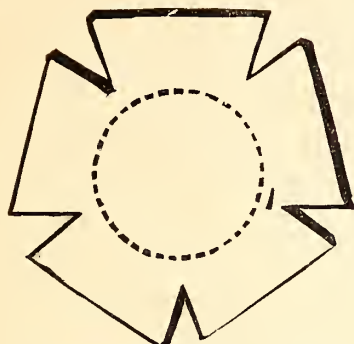
The old church bell will peal with joy,
 Hurrah, hurrah!
 To welcome our darling boy,
 Hurrah, hurrah!
 The village lads and lassies say,
 With roses they will strew the way,
 And we'll all feel gay,
 When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
 Hurrah, hurrah!
 We'll give the hero three time three,
 Hurrah, hurrah!
 The laurel wreath is ready now,
 To place upon his loyal brow,
 And we'll all feel gay,
 When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
 Hurrah, hurrah!
 Their choicest treasures then display,
 Hurrah, hurrah!
 And let each one perform some part,
 To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
 And we'll all feel gay,
 When Johnny comes marching home.



I' SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

*Twenty-Second Corps.*

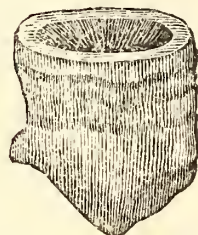
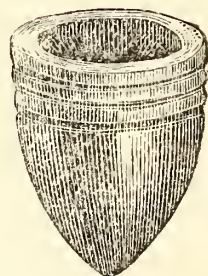
I'se gwine back to Dixie,
 I'se gwine no more to wander,
 My heart's turned back to Dixie,
 I can't stay here no longer;
 I've left the old plantation,
 My home and my relation,
 My heart's turned back to Dixie,
 And I must go.

CHORUS.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
 I'se gwine back to Dixie,
 I'se gwine where the orange
 blossoms grow,
 For I hear the children calling,
 I see their sad tears falling,
 My heart's turned back to Dixie,
 And I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton,
 I've worked upon the river,
 I used to say if I got off,
 I'd go back there no never,
 But time has changed the old man,
 His head is bending low—
 His heart's turned back to Dixie,
 And he must go.—CHO.

I'se traveling back to Dixie,
 My step is slow and feeble,
 I pray the Lord to help me,
 And keep me from all evil;
 And should my strength forsake me
 Then kind friends come and take me
 My heart's turned back to Dixie,
 And I must go.—CHO.



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